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## DIVINITY.

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THE TRUE METHOD OF ATTAINING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE,

BY MR. JOHN SMITH.

(Concluded from page 126.)

AND yet I grant there are some principles of knowledge that are so deeply sunk into the souls of men, that the impression cannot easily be obliterated. Sensual baseness doth not so grossly sully and bemire the souls of all wicked men at first, as to make them deny the Deity, or question the immortality of souls. Neither are the common principles of virtue pulled up by the roots in all. The common notions of God and virtue impressed upon the souls of men, are more clear than any else ; and if they have not more certainty, yet they have more evidence than any geometrical demonstrations. And these are both available to prescribe virtue to men's own souls, and to force an acknowledgment of truth from those that oppose, when they are well guided by a skilful hand. Truth needs not at any time fly from reason, there being an eternal amity between them. Besides, in wicked men there are sometimes distastes of vice, and flashes of love to virtue ; which are the faint strugglings of a higher life within them, which they crucify again by their wicked sensuality. As truth doth not always act in good men, so neither doth sense always act in wicked men. They may sometimes have their sober fits ; and a divine spirit breathing upon them may then blow up some sparks of true understanding within them ; though they may soon quench them again, and rake them up in the ashes of their own earthly thoughts.

All this, and more that might be said, may serve to point out the way of virtue. We want not so much means of knowing what we ought to do, as wills to do that which we know. But yet all that knowledge which is separated from an inward acquaintance with virtue and goodness, is of a far different nature from that which ariseth out of a true living sense of them, which is the best discerner thereof, and by which alone we know the true perfection, sweetness, energy, and loveliness of them, and all that which can no more be known by a naked demonstration, than colours can be perceived of a blind man by any definition which he can hear of them.

And further, the clearest notions of truth that shine in the souls of the common sort of men, are extremely clouded if they be not accompanied with that answerable practice that might

preserve their integrity. These tender plants may soon be spoiled by the continual droppings of our corrupt affections upon them; they are but of a weak and feminine nature, and so may be sooner deceived by that wily serpent of sensuality that harbours within us.

While the soul is full of the body, while we suffer those principles of religion to lie asleep within us; the power of an animal life will be apt to incorporate and mingle itself with them: and that reason that is within us becomes more and more infected with those evil opinions that arise from our corporeal life. The more deeply our souls dive into our bodies, the more will reason and sensuality run one into another, and make up a most unsavoury and muddy kind of knowledge. We must therefore endeavour more and more to withdraw ourselves from these bodily things, to set our souls as free as may be from its miserable slavery to this base flesh. We must shut the eyes of sense, and open that brighter eye of our understandings, and that other eye of the soul, which indeed all have in some degree, but few make use of it. This is the way to see clearly; the light of the divine word will then begin to fall upon us, and those pure coruscations of immortal and ever-living truth will shine out into us, and in God's own light shall we behold him. The fruit of this knowledge will be sweet to our taste and pleasant to our palates, sweeter than the honey or the honey-comb. The priests of Mercury, as Plutarch tells us, in the eating of their holy things, were wont to cry out, "Sweet is truth." But how sweet and delicious that truth is, which holy and heaven-born souls feed upon in their mysterious converses with the Deity, who can tell but they that taste it? When reason is raised by the mighty force of the divine Spirit into a converse with God, it is turned into sense. We shall then converse with God, not with a struggling and contentious reason, hotly combating with difficulties and divers opinions, and labouring in itself in its deductions of one thing from another; but we shall fasten our minds upon him with such a serene understanding, such an intellectual calmness and serenity, as will present us with a blissful, steady, and invincible sight of him.

And now, setting aside the epicurean herd of brutish men, who have drowned all their sober reason in sensuality, we shall divide the rest of men into these four ranks, with respect to a fourfold kind of knowledge.

The first whereof is that complex and multifarious man that is made up of soul and body, as it were by a just equality of parts and powers in each of them. The knowledge of these men is a knowledge wherein sense and reason are so twisted together, that they cannot easily be unravelled. Their highest reason is complying with their senses, and both conspire together in vul-



gar opinion : their life being steered by nothing but opinion and imagination. Their notions of God and religion are so entangled with the birdlime of fleshly passions and worldly vanity, that they cannot rise up above the surface of this dark earth, or entertain any but earthly conceptions of heavenly things. Such souls as Plato speaks of, heavy behind, are continually pressing down to this world's centre. And though, like the spider, they may appear sometimes moving up and down in the air, yet they do but sit in the loom, and move in that web of their own gross fancies, which they fasten to some earthly thing or other.

The second is, the man that thinks not fit to view his own face in any other glass but that of reason and understanding ; that reckons upon his soul as that which was made to rule, his body as that which was born to obey, and like a handmaid perpetually to wait upon his higher and nobler part. And in such a one the common principles of virtue and goodness are more clear and steady. To such a one we may allow more clear and distinct opinions, as being already in a method or course of purgation, or at least fit to be initiated into the lesser mysteries of religion. Though they may not be so well prepared for divine virtue, (which is a higher emanation,) yet they are not immature for human, as having the seeds of it already within themselves, which being watered by answerable practice, may sprout up within them.

The third is, he whose soul is already purged by this lower sort of virtue, and so is continually flying off from the body, and returning into himself. Such, in St. Peter's language, are those "who have escaped the pollutions which are in the world through lust." To these we may attribute a lower degree of science, their inward sense of virtue and moral goodness being far transcendent to all mere speculative opinions of it. But if this knowledge settle here, it may be quickly liable to corrupt. Their souls may too much heave and swell with a sense of their own virtue and knowledge : there may be an ill ferment of self-love lying at the bottom, which may puff it up with pride and self-conceit. If this knowledge be not attended with humility and a deep sense of penury and emptiness, we may easily fall short of that true knowledge of God which we seem to aspire after. We may carry such an image of ourselves constantly before us, as will make us lose the clear sight of the divinity, and be too apt to rest in a mere rational life, without any true participation of the divine life, if we do not slide back by vain glory, popularity, or such like vices, into worldly and external vanity.

The fourth is, the true contemplative man, who shooting up above his own rational life, pierceth into the highest life, into the faith which worketh by love : who, by universal love and holy affection, abstracting himself from himself, endeavours the

nearest union with the divine essence ; knitting his own centre, if he have any, unto the centre of the divine Being. To such a one we may attribute a true divine wisdom, powerfully displaying itself in an intellectual life. Such a knowledge is always pregnant with divine virtue, which ariseth out of a happy union of souls with God, and is nothing else but a living imitation of a God-like perfection drawn out by a strong fervent love of it. This divine knowledge makes us athirst after divine beauty, beautiful and lovely ; and this divine love and purity reciprocally exalts divine knowledge ; both of them growing up together. Such a life and knowledge as this peculiarly belongs to the true and sober Christian, who lives in him who is life itself, and is enlightened by him who is the truth itself, and is made partaker of the divine unction, and knoweth all things, as St. John speaks. This life is nothing else but God's own breath within him, and an infant-Christ (if I may use the expression) formed in his soul, who is in a sense, *απαύγασμα της δοξης*, *the shining forth of the Father's glory*. But yet we must not mistake ; this knowledge is here in its infancy : there is a higher knowledge, or a higher degree of this knowledge that doth not, that cannot descend upon us in these earthly habitations. Here we can see but in a glass, and that darkly too. Our own imaginative powers, which perpetually attend the highest acts of our souls, will be breathing a gross dew upon the pure glass of our understandings, and so sully and besmear it that we cannot see the image of the divinity sincerely in it. But yet this knowledge being a true heavenly fire kindled from God's own altar, begets an undaunted courage in the souls of good men, and enables them to cast a holy scorn upon the poor petty trash of this life, in comparison with divine things, and to pity those poor, brutish epicureans that have nothing but the mere husks of fleshly pleasure to feed themselves with. This sight of God makes pious souls breathe after that blessed time, when "mortality shall be swallowed up of life," when they shall no more behold the divinity through those dark mediums that eclipse the blessed sight of it.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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### MEMOIR OF THE REV. WILLIAM ROSS.

(Concluded from page 133.)

THE closing scene of a good man's life is always interesting as well as instructing to the living. It is more particularly so when that man has been the public expounder and advocate of those truths which are justly considered as the support and consolation of the soul in this trying hour. It is now that the virtues of the Christian, the graces of the Christian minister, and



the experimental effect of gospel truth, are all seen in the expiring agonies of the holy servant of Christ, displaying all their brilliancy and loveliness ; and their voice is heard echoing from the bed of death the triumph of the believer, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The sensualist may revel in mirth, and the voluptuous hypocrite, who adds to his other vices an effort to deceive, may make an empty show of virtues he does not possess, while each riots in luxury and sports at the arrows of death while flying over their heads, or whistling by their sides ; but when these arrows fasten upon their own vitals, and the pampered appetites and passions no longer sustain their wonted vigour, but begin to feel the weakness of disease, while the paleness of death sits on their cheeks ; the disguise is stript off, and the "gaping tomb" reminds them of their hollow professions, and of the reality of that world to which they are going, and of that religion which they either despised or treated with neglect, and of the just vengeance of that God whose authority they contemptuously braved.

The truth of these observations has often been strikingly illustrated on the deathbed of carnal and unregenerate men, who have "spent their strength for nought, and their money for that which profiteth not." And they have been yet the more strikingly illustrated by contrasting the deathbed scene of the voluptuary with that "chamber where the good man meets his fate," and which "is favoured above the common walks of life." Here the glory of God illumines the path to the other world, and presents on the other side of Jordan, those extended fields of immortality which invite the passage of the righteous, and promise them a rich reward for all their labours and sufferings in this ever-changing life.

With these preliminary observations we shall introduce to the reader's notice, the winding up the thread of the life of the Rev. WILLIAM ROSS. From the preceding narrative it will appear manifest that though he persevered in his master's work, it was often through much bodily weakness. While encountering the inclement and varying seasons of Vermont, his constitution received a shock from which it never fully recovered ; and in that "feverish body, oppression and tightness in the chest, and painful cough," of which he speaks, we may perceive early symptoms of the fatal disease, which gradually undermined his health and finally terminated his life. In addition to the typhus fever, of which we have already spoken, with which he was afflicted in Troy, and which, no doubt, added fresh fuel to the slow fire which had begun to prey upon his vitals, by taking a severe cold after preaching of an evening in the mission-house in New-York, he was confined to his room for several weeks ; and many of his friends even then thought, by perceiving symptoms of the

fatal hectic in the rosy colour upon his cheeks, that his end could not be far off. His time, however, was not yet fully come. He was gradually restored to his usual health, and resumed his work in the "ministry of reconciliation" with his wonted ability and success.

A revival of religion which commenced in Brooklyn early in the summer of 1824, while it encouraged his soul in his Master's work, called forth increased exertions of mental and bodily strength; and these exertions, no doubt, contributed to hasten on a disease, the seeds of which had long been planted in his system. Though feeble in body, and much exhausted by having preached already twice on the sabbath, ten weeks previous to his dissolution, yet being disappointed by a substitute whom he had provided to fill the pulpit, and not willing the people should be deprived of a sermon, he ascended the pulpit with a body trembling from weakness and fatigue, and for the last time delivered his public message unto the people. His Lord and Saviour owned this last effort of his servant to proclaim his name, by the awakening of one soul, since happily converted to God. From this last public exercise he returned to his house, and was immediately seized with a violent pain in his side. It was, at first, supposed to be an attack of the pleurisy, but finally proved to be an abscess forming upon his lungs, occasioned by a severe cold he had taken some time previously while in the discharge of his ministerial duties, and which terminated in the consumption.

For nearly a year before this his last illness his mind seemed peculiarly exercised, and most ardently engaged in fulfilling the sacred and important duties of his calling; and for some months previously to his death he appeared to have a presentiment that his continuance here would be but short. This he frequently expressed to his intimate friends, and at different prayer meetings. At the last love-feast he attended, after earnestly exhorting the people, and declaring the fulness of his own hope and confidence in the grace of his blessed Redeemer, he added with great solemnity, "I *feel*, brethren, that my stay with you will be but short; but, blessed be God, whenever he calls I am ready. If I should die to-night, you will take care of the body, and God will take care of the soul, and all will be well."

He was in the habit of reading the Scriptures consecutively in his family; and the last he read as a part of the family devotions was the seventh chapter of the book of Job. This is mentioned as being peculiarly applicable to himself, particularly the following verses:—"Is there not an appointed time for man upon the earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling? As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work: so am I made to possess months



of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." At the commencement of his sickness, when questioned respecting his prospects of recovery, his answer was, "That is settled between the Lord and myself. If he is about to take me hence, I cheerfully say, The will of the Lord be done." One time during his sickness a friend of his came to see him, who observed, what a happy thing it would be for them to meet in heaven. He reproved that friend for speaking so lightly of heaven; and told him, that a few days since, he had "had such a view of heaven, and of the glorious majesty of Jehovah, that he thought people generally spoke too irreverently of God and of the things of heaven."

A friend who was frequently with him during his severe illness observes:—My first serious conversation with him respecting his spiritual enjoyments and views was about three weeks previous to his death. In this conversation he observed, "I do not know what God is about to do with me, but I feel a perfect composure of mind, and if the Lord calls me it is well, for I am ready." About a week after this he said to me, "I thought during the past night that I was going. Death looked sweet, and my prospects of heaven most glorious. I indeed look upon those around me whom I must leave with pity, because they must be left in this dark and trying world." A few evenings after he said, "I am not ready to die." I asked him the reason. He replied, "Because I do not think my work is done. I feel as if I could do more good in the world were I to regain my health, as I am better prepared for it than ever." He asked a friend who was standing by him, if he thought there was any prospect of his recovering. On being answered in the negative, he replied with great emphasis, "The will of the Lord be done." How is your mind? "My mind is like an iron pillar."

Until nearly the close of life he seemed to indulge a hope of regaining his health. This, however, was by no means singular. It is one of those symptoms which usually attends the lingering complaint of which he died, and which often appears most imposing and illusive as the patient draws near to the grave. But the fatal hectic which glowed upon his languid cheek admonished his friends that the decree was past, *Thou shalt die and not live*. Labouring under this delusive expectation at times, with a soul overflowing with love to the souls of men, brother Ross would sometimes exclaim, "O that I were able to go again to the house of God and preach." But notwithstanding this, he never closed a conversation with me, observes the friend above mentioned, without adding, "Living or dying all is well." His own expression frequently was, "Drop the curtain and I am in

glory." "I dare not," said he on one occasion, "give way to my feelings, for if I should I could not contain myself."

Mrs. Ross, sensible that he could not survive, had with great fortitude and tender affection, endeavoured to prepare his mind to resign up his friends to the care of Providence. "I hope," said she, "you have given your friends and family up to God." "Ah, my dear," he replied, "you are the last that I shall give up." It was said to him, "I hope, whether you survive or not the Lord will be with you." He replied with great firmness, "I have no doubt of that."

From day to day he spoke of the peace he enjoyed, often exclaiming, "Glory! glory be to God for his goodness."

The last conversation I had with him, says an intimate friend, was on Thursday morning about three o'clock, when, as his family thought he was near his end, I was called to see him die. On reviving a little from this paroxysm he requested to be alone with me a few minutes. He inquired respecting some temporal business relating to his family. I assured him that every thing should be attended to, and that he need not give himself any trouble concerning them, but only resign himself wholly to God. "I will," said he,—"I will think no more of them." And from that time he said no more about them. He then said, "I am going but little before you, and we shall meet in heaven, where we shall be no more separated. O what a thought, when I shall meet all my dear friends. Glory! glory be to God!" He appeared indeed to be in an ecstasy of joy. He then proposed prayer. We commenced singing,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie."

Several times he made efforts to raise his voice to sing, but his strength failed. While we were engaged in prayer, it seemed as if God filled the room, and he was much engaged, responding amen with much fervour of devotion. After prayer I went to him, and he said, "I shall soon be there;" throwing the clothes from his hands and breast, and lifting up his hands toward heaven, repeating with solemn emphasis, "Glory be to God." After a short pause he said, "My mind is sometimes torn by reflections. I have ten thousand things to regret in my past life, and I must say,

"I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me."

A person who witnessed the closing scene of the earthly pilgrimage of this servant of Christ, says, that after dosing a short time, he suddenly revived, and opening his eyes, he looked pleasantly around and said, "My brothers and sisters, I am glad



to see you all. I hope to meet you all in heaven. I leave with you my best wishes—and *these little ones*,” alluding to his children. A little after he wished them all to retire from the room except myself. He then asked me if I thought I saw any particular symptoms of death. I replied yes. “I think,” said he, “the Lord will not take me without giving me notice a day or two beforehand.” I said, I think you will go either to-day or to-night. But it makes no difference to you. “None at all,” said he.

On Thursday afternoon it was evident that the mournful crisis was drawing near. Several ministers called to see him. One approached his bed side and said, “My dear brother, do not try to speak, you are too feeble.—Is the Lord precious to your soul?” He answered in the affirmative by a significant nod of his head. His mourning wife proposed prayer. Some objected that he was too weak. He removed the objection by saying, “I should be much gratified if you would.” He united heartily in prayer, several times saying amen. About seven o’clock in the evening, as they raised him a little in his bed, he said, “My work is done.” These were his last words, for he immediately closed his eyes in death.

Thus closed the life, the labours, and the sufferings, of the Rev. William Ross, in the 33d year of his age and the 14th of his itinerant ministry.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### POPERY IN 1824.

[Continued from page 109.]

#### BULL OF INDICATION,\* FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE YEAR 1825.

This is such a curious document, and is so expressive of the vanity and high swelling pride of its author, that we give it entire, by simply remarking that it fully unfolds the sentiments entertained at Rome of the power of the pope to grant plenary indulgences to all sorts of sinners :—

“Leo, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to all the faithful in Christ, who shall inspect these presents, health and apostolical blessing!

“The Lord, in the exercise of his compassion, has at length granted to our lowliness, to announce to you with gladness the near approach of that which may now be felicitously celebrated according to the usages and institutions [*majorum*] of the ancients, but which, through the dreadful asperity of the times, was omitted at the commencement of this century,—an omission which we deeply lamented.

\* *Bull* is derived from *bulla*, a seal, and that from *bulla*, a bubble. Persius has the phrase “*bullatæ nugæ*,” swelling, empty expressions. In this sense it is not inappropriate to the present instrument. The *bulla*, or pope’s seal, has on it a cross, with St. Peter on one side, and St. Paul on the other.—*Wesleyan M. Mag.*

That most auspicious year is near, a year to be most religiously venerated, in which there will be a concourse from the whole world to this our fair and holy city, and the see of the blessed Peter; and in which all the faithful, being excited to [*officia*] the duties of piety, have all the most ample succours of reconciliation and grace proposed to them, for the salvation of their souls. For in this year, which we properly call 'an acceptable time and [a day] of salvation,' we rejoice at the grand opportunity afforded to us, after the deplorable series of ills over which we have groaned, to strive to restore all things in Christ, by the salutary [saving] expiation of all Christian people. We have therefore decreed, according to the authority which is divinely committed to us, to open as widely as possible that heavenly treasury, which, being purchased by the merits, passions, and virtues of our Lord Christ, of his Virgin Mother, and of all saints, the Author of human salvation has entrusted the distribution of it to us. It becomes us, indeed, on this subject, to extol the abundant riches of the divine clemency, with which Christ, having 'prevented us by the blessings of his goodness,' has willed the infinite virtue of his merits, to be diffused to the [various] parts of his mystical body, so that these parts, by their mutual operation among each other, and by the wholesome junction of their usefulness, may be mutually assisted, through the unity of that 'faith which works by love;' and that through the infinite price of our Lord's blood, and by reason, and in virtue of it, also by the merits and intercession of the saints, they may obtain the remission of temporal punishment, the whole of which, as the fathers of the council of Trent have taught, cannot always, as in the case of baptism, be remitted by the sacrament of penitence.

"Let the earth therefore listen to the words of our mouth, and let the whole world with gladness listen to the clangour of the sacerdotal trumpet, which loudly announces a sacred jubilee to the people of God. We proclaim the arrival of the year of expiation and pardon, of redemption and grace, of remission and indulgence; in which, we know, are renewed those benefits which the old law, the announcer of 'good things to come,' formerly brought among the people of the Jews every fiftieth year; but they are renewed in a manner much more sacred, for the greater accumulation of spiritual blessings, by Him 'through whom came grace and truth.' For if those estates which had been sold, and the goods which had been rendered the property of another person, were all restored in that year of salvation; we now, through the infinite liberality of God, receive the virtues, merits, and gifts, of which we had divested ourselves by the commission of sins. If the legal rights of human servitude at that time ceased; after the present severe yoke of diabolical domination has been cast off, we are called forth into the 'liberty of the sons of God,' into that liberty which Christ has bestowed on us. If, finally, according to the prescript of the law, pecuniary debts were forgiven to those who owed them, and the debtors were thus absolved from every bond; we are now absolved from the debt of our sins, and by the divine compassion we are delivered from their punishment.

"Advancing therefore by our wishes these numerous and great advantages to souls,—and having in confidence of mind asked in



prayer of God, the Giver of all good, by the bowels of his mercy, that which is required by a regard to the appointed time, and which is pointed out by the pious institutions of the Roman pontiffs, our predecessors,—treading also in the footsteps, with the consent of our brethren, the cardinals of the holy Romish church, by the authority of the omnipotent God, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, as well as by our own,—for the glory of God himself, for the exaltation of the Catholic church, and for the sanctification of all Christian people, WE PROCLAIM AND PUBLISH the universal and great jubilee, to commence in this holy city from the first vespers of the next eve of the nativity of our most holy Saviour Jesus Christ, and to continue through the whole of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five. During this year of jubilee, we mercifully in the Lord grant and impart the most plenary and complete indulgence, remission and pardon of all their sins, to all the faithful in Christ, of both sexes, who are truly penitent, and have confessed, and who have likewise refreshed themselves with the holy communion,—provided, (if Romans, or inhabitants of the city,) they shall have devoutly visited these churches of the city, that of the blessed Peter and Paul, of St. John Lateran, and that of St. Mary major, at least once a day, for thirty days, whether successive or [*interpolatos*] interrupted, natural, or even ecclesiastical, to be computed from the first vespers of one day, to the complete evening twilight of the succeeding day; but if they be foreigners, or in any respect strangers, they must have visited these churches at least fifteen days as already described;—provided also, they shall have poured forth pious prayers to God for the exaltation of the holy church, the extirpation of heresies, the concord of Catholic princes, and the salvation and tranquillity [*christiani populi*] of Christendom.

“And because it may happen, that of those persons who may, on this account, have commenced the journey, or who may have actually arrived at the city, some of them on the road, and others of them in the city, may be detained by illness or some other legitimate cause, or may be prevented by death, before the completion, and perhaps before the commencement of the specified number of days, and may thus be incapacitated from complying with the preceding requisitions, and from visiting the churches which we have mentioned; being desirous benignantly to show favour, as far as we possibly can in the Lord, to their pious and prompt intentions, we declare it as our will and pleasure that these persons, who may have been truly penitent and may have confessed, and who may likewise have refreshed themselves with the holy communion, be made partakers of the before-mentioned indulgence and remission, exactly as though they had in reality visited the above-named churches on the days which we have prescribed; and, since they are prevented by the preceding urgent impediments, that they obtain, by the gift of the Holy Spirit, the effects of their desires.

“We make this announcement to you our sons, from our paternal affection, that those of you ‘who are weary and heavy laden,’ may fly to the place where you know for a certainty that you will receive rest and be refreshed. For [*neque fas est*] it is criminal to be idle

and negligent in applying for saving riches out of those eternal treasures of divine grace, which are opened by our most holy and indulgent mother, the church, when such an intense desire is manifested to procure earthly riches, which the moth corrupts and the rust destroys. But since, even from ancient times, it has been a prevalent custom for immense and perpetual concourses of men of all ranks, from every part of the wide world, (although their route was long and dangerous,) to visit this principal [*domicilium*] seat and abode of the fine arts, upon which they look almost as on a prodigy, glittering and effulgent in the magnificence of its edifices, the majesty of its situation, and the beauty of its monuments; it would therefore be shameful and most contrary to a desire of eternal blessedness, to urge, as pretences for declining a journey to Rome, the difficulties on the road, the accidents of fortune, or other causes of this description. There is, my beloved children, there is that, which will most abundantly compensate every species of inconvenience; nay, if by chance any sufferings occur, they will not be 'worthy [to be compared with] the weight of future glory,' that, by the blessing of God, 'will be wrought out for you' by those aids which are prepared for the benefit of souls. For you shall reap from this journey a most ample harvest of penitence, out of which you may offer to God the castigation of your bodies, through the long continuance of your [*molestorum actuum*] painful acts of mortification, may in holiness perform the conditions prescribed by the laws of the indulgences, and may add this new advantage to the determination, which you have formed and constantly hold, of punishing and repelling your crimes.

"Come up, therefore, with your loins girt, to this holy Jerusalem, to this priestly and royal city, which has become the capital of the world by its being the see of the blessed Peter, and is conspicuously seen to exercise a wider presidency by its divine religion, than by its earthly dominion. 'This is indeed the city,' said St. Charles, when exhorting his people to undertake a journey to Rome during the sacred year, 'this is the city, whose soil, walls, altars, churches, the sepulchres of its martyrs, and whatever objects present themselves to the sight, suggest something sacred to the mind, as those persons experience and feel, who after due preparation visit those sacred recesses.' Reflect how greatly a walk round those ancient places, which through the majesty of religion wonderfully recommend themselves, may contribute to excite faith and charity in the minds of spectators. There, many thousands of martyrs are presented to their view, whose blood has consecrated the very ground; they enter their churches, behold their [*titulos*] epitaphs, and [*venerari*] do reverence to their relics. Besides, as St. John Chrysostom has said, 'Since the heavens are as resplendent when the sun emits his rays, as the city of the Romans which contains those two lights, Peter and Paul, who transmit their rays through the whole earth;' what person [*auferit*] will have the audacity to approach [the places where those apostles made their] confessions, to prostrate himself before their tombs, and to kiss their fetters, which are far more precious than gold or jewels, unless [he be impelled] by a feeling of the most intense devotion? And who can refrain from tears, either while beholding the cradle of



Christ, and recollecting, at the same time, the cries of the infant Jesus in the manger; or while adoring the most sacred instrument of our Lord's passion, and then meditating on the Redeemer of the world hanging on the cross?

"Since, by the singular liberality of divine providence, these august monuments of religion are united together in this city alone, they are in reality, certain, most sweet and pleasant pledges of that affection, by which 'the Lord loveth the gates of Zion above all the tabernacles of Jacob;' and they most affectionately invite all of you, my beloved children, to lay aside all delay, and to ascend that mountain in which God has been pleased to dwell.

"But our solicitude requires us, in this place, to address ourselves especially to all orders and degrees of men in this fair and flourishing city, and to remind them of this circumstance,—that upon them are fixed the eyes of the faithful, who come here out of every part of the world; and that they ought, therefore, to exhibit in their conduct nothing except gravity, moderation, and that which becometh Christians; so that, from their manners, the rest may receive an example of modesty, innocence, and of every kind of virtue. By which behaviour this chosen people, among whom it has been the pleasure of the Chief Shepherd that the chair of the most blessed Peter should be placed, may instruct others to revere the Catholic church and her authority, to obey her precepts, and constantly to pay great honour both to things and to persons ecclesiastical. In this city, let the reverence which is due to the church flourish,—that foreigners may perceive nothing by which the divine worship and the sacred places themselves may be despised or held in contempt; nothing contrary to honourable and chaste minds, or to unassumed modesty. Let these strangers rather admire the severe and holy discipline, [in the churches,] by which every one declares, in the calm and composed carriage of his body, that he is present at divine things, not only in body, but likewise in mind, and in devout affection of heart. We recommend and urge this behaviour, likewise, on the festivals, that none of those days which have been instituted for the performance of sacred offices, and for honouring God and the saints, may seem to be devoted in this holy city to the celebration of banquets and plays, of disorderly joys and wanton licentiousness. 'Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' let these shine resplendently in the inhabitants of Rome; that we may congratulate ourself, that the glory of faith and piety, (for examples of which they were commended by the apostle Paul himself, and which they have received from their ancestors as the best of all inheritances,) not only has received no stain from the inhabitants of Rome, but that they have rendered this glory more illustrious by their studious care, and by their exemplary manners.

"We are truly refreshed with this good hope, that each of them will imitate the better [*charismata*] graces, and that the sheep of the Lord's flock, running into the embracing arms of their shepherd, will become that well-ordered army whose standard is CHARITY. 'There-

turn of those who have wandered from the truth, and in the happiness of princes, you will most effectually assist our weakness in the discharge of our most important functions.

"But that the present letters may with the greater facility come to the knowledge of all the faithful, whatever may be the places of their abode, it is our pleasure, that even the printed copies of them, (which yet must be subscribed by the hand of some notary public, and ratified by the seal of a person enjoying high ecclesiastical dignity,) inspire the same confidence as would be given to these presents themselves if they were to be exhibited or produced.

"Therefore, let no man whatever be permitted to infringe, or, by an audacious temerity, to act in opposition to this page of our Indiction, promulgation, concession, exhortation, and pleasure. But if any one shall presume to make the attempt, let him know that he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent God, and of his blessed apostles, Peter and Paul.

*"Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, in the year of our Lord's incarnation one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, on the 24th of May, and in the first year of our Pontificate."*

The French translator adds:—"This bull is signed by two cardinals, M. Antoine Gabriel Severoli, Pro-daltaire, Vice-Chancellor, and Joseph Albani."

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#### REVIEW.

*The Life of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A. M., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; in which are included the Life of his Brother, the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, A. M., Student of Christ Church, and Memoirs of their Family: comprehending an account of the Great Revival of Religion, in which they were the first and chief instruments. By the Rev. HENRY MOORE, only surviving Trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS. 8vo. Vol. I. London, 1824, pp. 571.*

[Concluded from page 149.]

METHODISM has its characteristic peculiarities derived from its founder, which, if not accurately traced to him, and well brought out in the portraiture of his character, will elude all the criticism which may be applied to it as a religious system. Of this we have had sufficient proofs in a host of writers both friendly and hostile: men of both classes have gone wide of the truth, and for want of tracing the stream to its fountain, have often mistaken both its course and its quality. If Wesleyan Methodism be judged of as a branch of dissent, great errors are committed; and all conclusions are equally erroneous which regard it, now, as a society within the church.

If considered as the completion of an original plan in the founder's mind, the critic will find its phenomena unconquerably perplexing; if, as the sport of fortuitous circumstances and caprice, he will plunge into the labyrinth on the other side. If he try it by principles of what have been called church-order, he is in danger of condemning it more than justice will allow; if he be himself a leveller of order in the church of God, he will in vain hope to find in its prosperity and success any illustration of his principles, or to derive from these circumstances any sanction to them; for it has a firm order, though it is not in bondage. Its doctrines are equally



liable to elude the systematizing critic; and if he come warm and fresh from the schools, he will be apt to commit respecting them equally marked mistakes. If he think them in all points the reverse of those which are usually comprehended under the term Calvinism; or if he fancy that in those points in which they generally agree with that system, the agreement is not without important exceptions, his conclusions will be misleading. If he judge our system to be enthusiastic, he will be at a loss to account for the sobriety he will meet with; and if he regard it as discountenancing warm emotions and the sensible communion of the interior man with God, he will be equally at a loss to make this harmonise with expressions which unfold our views of doctrine, and with facts which record what we think to be authentic experience. Yet with all the perplexity which has so obviously embarrassed so many writers, and given rise to so many mistakes, no character exhibits so striking a simplicity as that of Mr. Wesley, and nothing is more simple than genuine Methodism. This simplicity, indeed, is the real cause of most of the mistakes which have been committed on both sides, by friends and by foes. Sectarian views in discipline, and systematic arrangements in doctrine, had long been carried, in different degrees, into extremes in the Christian church; and have still, though right and useful to a certain extent, a misleading influence. The man, therefore, "of one book," the man of one object,—to win and to keep souls for Christ; the society established for one end,—to help men on their way to heaven;—which was taught to think nothing, however revered, of paramount

consequence to this; all whose institutions have received their character from the superior importance attributed to the work of God in the heart, and has steadily regarded external forms and even doctrines as deriving their sole importance from their connexion with this work; must both, necessarily, in pursuing their course through many changing circumstances, themselves unchanged, appear under aspects capable of very different interpretations to all by whom these leading facts, this master-key, are not steadily applied in aid of their investigations.

It is with undeviating regard to these great principles, that the excellent author of these memoirs has constructed his work; and this is the reason that he walks in the light of his subject at every step, and is able to clear away so satisfactorily the misrepresentations of others. But it is not in this only that the value of this life of Mr. Wesley consists. It is equally important, perhaps much more so, to the Methodists themselves; for, in the course of time, and by the increasing number of channels through which original principles are transmitted, they are apt, though insensibly, to assume modifications, or, at least, to lose much of their primitive freshness and power. From Mr. Moore we have them through their most direct channel, and by him are kept near to their source. Of this advantage the Wesleyan Body will not, we are persuaded, lose the benefit; and by being reminded so clearly, so forcibly, and with so much of the genuine *character* of earlier times, of their own peculiarities, of the balance which they preserve between extremes, and, above all, of their very *essence*, "faith which worketh by love,"

they will hold them with a still firmer hand, and apply them with renovated ardour to their great practical purpose, the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ.

To one or two of those views of doctrine and discipline, to which we have adverted, as being preserved throughout the work with great judgment and discrimination, we shall briefly direct the attention of the reader; and the more so, as they are rather transfused through the work, (which is one part of its excellence,) than stated in any part at length.

In doctrine, Mr. Wesley was not the implicit follower of any school; the effect of which is generally, even when error is not induced, to lead to a disproportionate regard to some truth or class of truths, and to arrange them, not so much according to the rank which their intrinsic value demands, as according to their bearing upon a system. The divines of his earliest acquaintance were those of the English Arminian class; some of which are of great excellence, others are obscured with considerable errors, especially in matters of Christian experience. What he wished to be informed in, when made sensible of his need of pardon and regeneration, he certainly did not find in them; nor in the conversation and writings of Mr. Law, which presented to his mind a picture of practical and spiritual holiness, agreeing well with what he saw in the Scriptures; but which still were unable to show how the gate to this paradise, guarded by the flaming sword, might be passed, and the tree of life attained. It may be supposed that had he resorted to the Calvinistic divines, he would have obtained better information on man's

justification before God. So he would had he resorted to the writings of Arminius himself, leaving his modern followers for their better-instructed master; but with the writings of this eminent man he was, we believe, only very partially acquainted, till he had been for very many years settled in generally similar views of evangelical doctrine. It was better for him that he was a diligent student of the New Testament; and that the seriousness and painful depth of his convictions of sin rendered him most sincerely desirous to secure light upon its doctrines from any quarter. He obtained it, not from elaborate writers, but from living men, who were the witnesses of the truth of their own doctrine; from a few pious Moravians, the members of a church which had transmitted more clearly than any other the doctrine of primitive times on justification by faith, and the direct witness of the Spirit of God with the spirit of a believer. The doctrines themselves had been, it is true, retained in all evangelical churches; the very same things had been said incidentally by holy, practical theologians, ever since the reformation; but seldom with the same simplicity, seldom with so explicit an answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" We allow it to be the praise of Calvinists, that they have maintained the doctrine of justification by faith alone with a firm hand; and that some of their writers, perhaps all, in former times have held the doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, though in their own manner; but to say nothing of what we, who think their general scheme erroneous, conceive to counteract the practical effect of these doctrines, the great defect appears to have been, that



the blessings they exhibit to human hope had not been in modern times preached with that freeness of grace which characterises the promises of the word of God. We know that we shall provoke a smile from our Calvinistic brethren, when we claim a superiority for the views of the Arminian Wesley on that often vaunted glory of Calvinism, the freeness of the grace of God; but we do make that claim, not merely as grace offered to all, which is not the point to which we allude, but where pardon is offered to the penitent himself. In Calvinistic systems we find much preliminary work enjoined upon him; many tests of the genuineness of his repentance to be applied; even regeneration made to precede justification; much discussion on what in Christ is the object of justifying faith; and some difficult theological distinctions to be settled, which imply no small degree of previous instruction. The witness of the Spirit too, is, by the advocates of this system, generally made a privilege, granted only to a few, or only occasionally to the body of believers; but not a common abiding covenant-grant made to "every one that believeth." The freeness of the offer from Arminian Methodism goes far beyond this. To all who feel their guilt and danger it preaches the doctrine of justification by faith alone: its simple view of faith is that of personal trust in Christ as a sacrifice and a Saviour: its view of the freeness of the promise is, that it warrants an application to its merciful Author for a *present* salvation: it regards faith as the gift of God; but given in the very effort by a soul despairing of every thing else to trust in Christ: it holds that the witness of pardon by the Spirit of

God is the common privilege of all that believe; and that all who live in the lively exercise of the same faith, will retain this comforting attestation. Thus are these great blessings offered simply to all who feel their need of them, and offered *now*. It is in these two doctrines chiefly, thus stated, though not exclusively, that the peculiarities of Methodism, with reference to modern systems, are to be found. It is by no means peculiar to it to reject the doctrine of Calvinistic election and reprobation, bound will, and imputed righteousness; nor is it *now* one of its peculiarities to reject these notions without rejecting also doctrines which Calvinists have held in common with the orthodox church in all ages, and which are unquestionably the doctrines of the New Testament. So greatly indeed had those who seemed to have followed Arminius only, or chiefly, for his anti-Calvinism, verged toward Pelagianism, at the time of the rise of Methodism, that a truly evangelical Arminianism was scarcely to be found, at home or abroad. At present, however, this will be found much beyond the precincts of Methodism; in the church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal church of America, and among some dissenters; the effect, we believe, chiefly, of that obvious connexion and consistency which Methodism has now for so many years proved to the world to exist between all that is vital in the Calvinistic creeds of the reformed churches and their most distinguished writers, and those views of God's love to man, and the absolute obligation of personal holiness on believers, which the Arminian creed exhibits. We know, indeed, that where the sentiments taught by Mr. Wesley and

those of the Calvinists, appear most to agree, there is often a considerable difference. So in the article of man's natural corruption, in the Wesleyan doctrine that corruption is absolute; and man, in a state of nature, is capable of no good thing: a doctrine which Calvinists are, at least in disputation, obliged to soften in order to account for good feelings, desires, &c., even in the unregenerate and reprobate, and in those who fall away finally; all which, of course they must attribute to nature, since they will not allow them to spring from the grace of God. So also as to justification, in which they greatly confound instrumental and meritorious causes; making the imputation of Christ's righteousness one instrumental cause, and faith another. The simpler view taught by Mr. Wesley was, that the active and passive righteousness of Christ, together constitute the meritorious cause of justification; faith, faith alone, its instrumental cause. We do not even very exactly agree in our respective views of justifying faith itself; which the Calvinistic scheme requires those who hold it, to regard as one act; an act once for all efficient: whereas, we have been, we think, more scripturally taught, that "we live by faith;" and that this faith, constantly exercised, is constantly imputed to us for righteousness. Our differences on the doctrine of Christian holiness, both in its principle of obligation, extent, and manner of attainment, are well known; but with all these discrepancies, we are disposed still to place the great characteristics of Wesleyan doctrine, where the author, without entering at large into these points, evidently considers it as standing,—in the simplicity with which the doctrine of a sinner's

justification before God is exhibited; in the freeness of its offer as an attainable present blessing on believing, by all who feel their danger; and in that concurrent direct witness of the Holy Spirit, which only can give the comfortable persuasion of God's love to us, and enable us to call him Father; followed by that witness of our own spirit, which arises from a consciousness of a regenerated state of mind, effected at the moment of our justification before God, though from its nature distinct; and which, when placed, even in part, before justification, as it is by many Calvinistic writers, tends so greatly to perplex the minds of those who, conscious only of sin and danger, are seeking God in the deep sorrows of their souls.

The clearness with which these views are uniformly stated in the volume before us, whether mentioned incidentally, or more at large, will, we doubt not, have their effect in preserving these all-important and blessed doctrines among us free from all obscurity. The success with which they have been preached from the hour when Mr. Wesley was first clearly taught them by the work of grace in his own heart, to this day, is surely no mean proof that they are an essential part of that truth of God, on which he has so broadly and so uniformly placed his seal.

The inconsistency of the founder of Methodism in respect of the church of England, is another subject on which much has been said; and the charges made against him on this head have been continued to this time against the Body itself. It is impossible that this charge should be honestly made, or adequately examined, without recourse to a fair and circumstantial life of Mr. Wesley himself, such



as is here presented. We may say with confidence, that every man who urges this accusation upon the authority of such memoirs as those of Whitehead, Hampson, and Southey, must necessarily do it, however honest, in ignorance of the facts of the case; because in utter ignorance of the great guiding practical principle of the accused himself, and of the impress which that principle has left upon the body of which he was the founder. This, none of those writers themselves knew, or at least did not choose to state. Nor is that key to the interpretation of Mr. Wesley's conduct to be found any where but in Mr. Moore's former life, and still more satisfactorily in the present more extended volume; except in the journals and other writings of Mr. Wesley, and in the genius and character of the work itself, of which he was made the instrument; none of which such objectors have ever very carefully studied. We think, indeed, that the entire consistency both of Wesleyan Methodism to this day, and of its founder, is a point to which this only genuine account of the life of Mr. Wesley (because the only life which gives the facts of his conduct with the influencing circumstances and reasons) gives abundant evidence; and which, with little labour in arranging that evidence, may be most clearly made out. The only great question to be determined is, when the inconsistency charged commenced? If when Mr. Wesley, not having a fixed cure of souls, preached wherever he was admitted to a church; it will have to be proved that he was obliged by his orders to take a parish: a notion which he himself triumphantly refuted from the practice of the church itself. If it was irregular for him to preach in other men's

parishes, with their consent; this is practised daily among clergymen, to the present time.

If the charge of inconsistency cannot fix at this period, let that be taken when the churches, filled to overflowing by the effect of his ministry, were in so many places closed against him; and when he sought the outcasts who went neither to church nor meeting, in squares, streets, and fields. What rule was violated by a clergyman, in feeling compassion for them who, in the then state of clerical character, had no one to care for their souls; and in exhorting them, out of the hours of parish church services, to flee from the wrath to come, to fill their churches by their attendance, and to honour their ordinances? Such exertions the church of Rome has always applauded; formerly they were sanctioned by the church of England; and Mr. Wesley himself believed, and defied any one to prove the contrary, that in this he did not violate any part of his duty as a clergyman. This, indeed, seems to have been tacitly conceded by all who have resorted to the notion of a preconcerted plan being laid in his mind from the beginning, to make himself the head of a sect; but that being so completely disproved, his inconsistency is disproved also. A third period is the forming of societies. As they stood at first, certainly this proves nothing. They were not societies separated from, but more closely than formerly attached to the church; and we believe that it would now be no violation of any definite and actual regulations of the church of England, for a few pious church people to form themselves into societies for prayer, reading the Scriptures, and other means of edification; though in two or three, and if in two or three,

in a hundred parishes ; and being visited by clergymen, meeting with them in private, and preaching to them in public, themselves continuing to attend their parish churches. This very thing is done on a small scale at this day, without rebuke, in several places. Here then was a clergyman preaching in different parts of the land the very acknowledged doctrines of the church ; here were people given to him as the fruits of his ministry, to be preserved by spiritual oversight, (which, from the state of their own clergy, they could not receive from them,) and to be nurtured in knowledge, faith, and love, unto eternal life. Now if no inconsistency can be proved here, then it does not exist at all ; for all the anomalies which followed, sprang from the church itself incidentally, and from neither Mr. Wesley nor from subsequent Methodism. Here was an evident, a most strongly marked work of God in the church, and for the church ; the land in its length and breadth, before dead in trespasses and sins, was becoming vital ; the call of God in this renewed sounding forth of the doctrines of the reformation, and the enforcing a spirit and conduct conformable to them, was made to the laity, and to the clergy too, by the preaching and writings of Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors. Had the clergy heard and obeyed it, then no lay-preachers had been necessary ; no further arrangements to maintain and extend this work : but the call was despised, its messengers calumniated, the best members of the church repelled and persecuted. Who then was the author of the anomalies complained of, Mr. Wesley or the church ? Who was consistent, the church which rejected the doctrines of its own articles and the Christian ex-

perience described in its own liturgy ; or Mr. Wesley, who, without leaving the church, or separating his followers from her communion, still pursued his one aim, to spread through that church the influence of a revival of primitive godliness ? What do the objectors wish him to have done to establish this ideal consistency ? To turn dissenter ? Then he must have renounced principles in which he never wavered : for he held not one of the distinguished dogmas of dissent. To have settled as a parish priest ? Then the people raised up by his ministry must have been left either to ungodly or careless clergymen ; for this *then* was the general character of the clergy ; or swell the ranks of dissenting congregations. In either case, as an evangelical churchman, his inconsistency would have been apparent. We may ask too, of those who accuse the body as it has existed since his death, of like inconsistency, what they would have us do ? "Declare yourselves dissenters," say some. But many are as truly churchmen as in Mr. Wesley's first days ; and all may be so if they choose it, and remain, on the terms of their original communion, as rightful members of the Methodist societies as before,—there is no compulsion. Others approve of a church establishment, though separatists on their own reasons, and therefore admit not the first principle of a dissenter's creed,—the unlawfulness of establishments. Are these to be forced into hostility to the church they mainly venerate ; or are opinions to be forced upon their profession which they do not hold ? "Become regular churchmen," say others, with equal wisdom. Where then is the provision for the spiritual wants of a numerous body of Christians ? For, first, there are among us some dissent-



ers, on something like theoretical principles. Whilst with us, the eternal railing of the thorough-paced dissenter; his proneness to treat established usages and forms with coarse and vulgar scoffing and low buffoonery; and, to coin an epithet, the Robert-Robinsonianism of *liberal* dissent, with or without its wit, is discountenanced, as that from which neither Christian honour nor Christian edification can spring: a taste which is as debasing to the mind as it is corrupting to all the virtues of the heart; the bitterness of dissent is, with few uninfluential exceptions, neutralized in our societies; whilst the principle has its Christian liberty: but such persons have their consciences, and who has a right to force them? Secondly, there is a still more numerous class, who have consciences concerned in a question more directly moral,—the reception of the ordinances from ministers whose conversion to God, and practical knowledge of the truth, is, to say the least, equivocal. How are these to be disposed of? Thirdly, into what pasture are these numerous flocks to be turned? The church had made no provision for this by a generally evangelical ministry, throughout the long life of Mr. Wesley; and he was bound not to cast away the children whom God had given him. It has, we thank God, much improved, and is improving; but it affords nothing like a supply of godly ministers;

and those who are so, are chiefly Calvinistic, on which we say nothing, but that we “have not so learned Christ.” To these serious and vital questions, such superficial speculators ought to be prepared with some specific answers before they brandish their charges of inconsistency against us. They offer us neither folds nor pastures, nor shepherds, nor yet can they leave us to pursue, in simplicity, that only path which *true consistency* opened to Mr. Wesley and to subsequent Methodism,—to be of NO SECT; to help one another, and all who choose to unite with us, in the way to heaven, asking no man whether he be churchman or dissenter; but giving him the right hand of fellowship, so long as he walks with us in charity, simplicity, and purity; striving to fill the earth with the knowledge of Christ, and regarding, as we shall always do, so long as the mantle of the ever venerable Wesley sheds its spirit upon us, LOVE, and love alone, as the foundation and the top-stone, the Alpha and Omega of Christianity.

The second volume of the excellent biography, which has suggested these observations, is, we are happy to learn, in a state of forwardness; and we shall have great pleasure in introducing it to our readers. It will, we trust, contain a review of the writings, as well as of the character, of this extraordinary and honoured man.

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*From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

### CURSORY REMARKS,

ON THE ENGLISH TONGUE, AND ON THE PRESENT PREVAILING MODE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL. D.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. John Wallis In 1653 he published a *grammar* was savilian professor of geometry of the English language in Latin, in the university of Oxford in 1649. which, though diffuse, is a work of

great merit. It would have been well, if subsequent grammarians of our language, who appear not to have seen it, had really known it and made it their model; and that some others who have borrowed from it, had run much more into the doctor's debt, that our obligations to them might have been the greater. He excelled in etymology, for his habits as a *geometer* led him to sift every subject to its bottom, and trace every branch or even *filament* of language to its *radix*. He is the author of the verses under the word *Twister* in Dr. Johnson's dictionary, which the doctor calls *remarkable*, and says, "they explain twist in all its senses." The occasion on which these verses were composed was the following: A very learned Frenchman conversing with Dr. Wallis toward the close of the year 1653, expatiating on the copiousness of his native language, and its richness in derivatives and synonymes, produced, in proof, four verses on *rope-making*, which he appears to have composed for the purpose; they are the following, and though *technically* formed, are admirably *smooth* and *expressive*:

Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder une corde;  
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde:  
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde decorde,  
Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde.

To show that the English language was at least equally *rich* and *copious*, Dr. Wallis immediately translated the verses into English, word for word, and of equal syllables, taking the word *twist* for the Frenchman's word *corde*.

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist;  
For the twisting of his twist, he three twines doth intwist:  
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Here were nouns, verbs, participles, and synonymes, precisely equal to those of the Frenchman, in *number*, *quantity*, and *force*; but

to show that the riches of his language were not exhausted, he added the four following, which continue the subject:—

Untwirling the twine that untwisted between,  
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;  
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,  
He twitcheth the twine, he had twined, in twain.

The French funds being previously exhausted, no attempt could be made to bring in a parallel. The English *mine*, however, was still rich; and to show that it could be still worked to advantage, Dr. Wallis added the following quatrain:—

The twain that in twining before in the twine,  
As twins were intwisted, he now doth untwine;  
"Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,  
He twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

I question much whether there is a language in the universe capable of such a variety of flections, or which can afford so many terms and derivatives, all legitimate, coming from one *radix*, without borrowing a single term from any other tongue, or coining one for the nonce; for there is not a word used above by Dr. Wallis, that is not pure *anglo-Saxon*, not one *exotic* being entertained; for the preposition *inter*, which might have been avoided, does not belong to the *radix*, and only serves to show it in another state; and as for the preposition *in*, we have not borrowed it from the Latin as some suppose, as it is a pure *English word*, and is found in many terms of the *anglo-Saxon*.

I have questioned whether any other language could produce a *root* from which such a number of *derivatives* could be formed to explain a *trade* or *manual operation*, in all its parts. I doubt whether the *Arabic*, with all its oppressive fecundity of terms for the same thing, or the *Persian*, with all its privileges of borrowing from the Arabic, and creating participles,



&c., *ad libitum*, would not both fail on the trial. I think also that the best *Grecian* in the land would be puzzled to find any sort of legitimate parallel to the English verses; and as for the *Latin*, it will fall miserably short, as the following example will prove: it is a translation which Dr. Wallis himself made, of his own verses, at the request of a foreign nobleman:—

Quum Restiarius aliquis, conficiendis—torquendo funibus-jam occupatus, vult sibi funem-tortilem contorquendo conficere;  
 Quo hunc sibi tortilem-funem torquendo conficiat, tria contortu-apta-filamenta complicanda-invicem-associat  
 Verum si, ex contortis illis in fane filamentis unum forte se-explicando complicationi-eximat;  
 Hoc ita-se-explicando-dissocians filamentum, funem-torsione-factum detorquendo resolvit.  
 Ille autem, celeriter evolvendo-retexens intermedium illud quod se-explicando dissociaverat filamentum;  
 Versorio suo torsionis-instrumento, duo reliqua celeri-volvens-turbine-contorquet, funiculum-ex-binis-filamentis inde conficiens,  
 Tum vero quum jam secunda-vice torquendo-convolverat funiculi-bi-chordis bina filamenta;  
 Quem ex-binis-filamentis torquendo-concinnaverat funiculum, raptim divellendo dirimit.  
 Tandem, quæ torquendo pridem in funiculo bimembri filamenta duo,  
 Tanquam gemellos una consociaverat-torquendo, jam detorquendo dissociat:  
 Et binis illis filamentum adhuc aliud intermedium interserendo consocians,  
 Versorium ille suum gyro-celeri fortiter-versando, ex funiculo-bimembri plurimembrem torquendo-conficit funem.

The English, of which this is a *literal translation*, amounts in the whole to 109 words, small and great, while the Latin makes 144; and whereas the English has but *one radix*, from which all the *derivatives* come, the Latin is obliged to use upward of 20 different words, varied as far as they can bear, in order to express this *ONE root*, and its *branches*! Dr. Wallis gives an analysis of the English verses, in which he considers *two* as the primitive or radical word, and the others all *derivatives* from this one radix.

Why is not such a language as this better studied? Why is it not studied *analytically*? It is by its

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analysis that we can discover its *force* and *truth*. It is the language of every *art* and of every *science*, for there is none other in which they can be so *well* and so *intelligibly* described. Whatever has been effected by the greatest *Grecian* or *Roman* orator, can be effected by the *Englishman* who fully understands his mother tongue; and perhaps, above all the languages of all the babbling nations of the earth, the English is that in which the sublime *science of salvation* can be best explained and illustrated, and the things of God most forcibly and effectually recommended!

When I had almost finished the preceding remarks, there fell into my hand the speech delivered by that very enlightened nobleman, the earl of Moira, late governor-general of India, before the members of the college of Calcutta, some time in 1814, which bears so strongly on the subject of the excellency of the English language, that I feel no ordinary pleasure in being able to enrich this paper with a short extract from it. After apologizing for bringing before the learned members of that institution, (on the day professedly devoted to applaud and stimulate proficiency in the *Asiatic languages*,) any thing relative to the *English tongue*, he proceeds in the following strain of just and eloquent description:—

“Regard it (the English language) not, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse. It is a *mine*, whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never had adequate tribute paid to it.

“Among the languages of modern Europe, specious, but subor-

dinate pretensions have been advanced to *cadence*, *terseness*, or *dextrous ambiguity* of insinuation; while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof, and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think that we have erred with regard to *Greek* and *Latin*. Our sense of the inestimable benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science, which they have handed down to us, has led us into an *extravagance of reverence* for them. They have high intrinsic merit, without doubt, but it is a *bigoted gratitude*, and an *unweighed admiration*, which induce us to prostrate the character of the *English tongue* before their altar. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them: but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object in all language, *precision*, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in *richness of colouring*, and *extent of power*, it is exceeded by none, if equalled by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination which some *British author* has not clothed in *British phrase*, with a *nicety of definition*, an *accuracy of portraiture*, a *brilliancy of tint*, a *delicacy of discrimination*, and a *force of expression*, which must be *sterling*, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm!

“Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety,—to glow with animation,—to thrill with horror,—to startle with amaze,—to shrink with awe,—to throb with pity, or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love;—know ye not the mighty

*magicians* of our country, whose potent *spell* has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, these varied *impulses*? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art, that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? *Justly conceived collocation of words*, is the whole secret of this witchery; a charm within the reach of any of you. Possess yourselves of the necessary *energies*, and be assured you will find the language *exuberant* beyond the demand of your intensest thought. How many positions are there which form the basis of every day's reflection; the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after perhaps for ages, before they were seized and rendered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which *we ourselves* have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the *arm of our intellect* but just too short to reach them: and then comes a happier genius, who, in a fortunate moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the *meteor* in its flight; and grasps the floating phantom; drags it from the skies to the earth; condenses that which was but an impalpable corruscation of spirit; fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought; and having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage on mankind!”

What a pity, that with a language, and such treasures in it, the best part of the lives of so many of our *youth* should be *spent*, if not *wasted*, in studies and in languages, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, serve only to pass through the *forms of schools and colleges*, and however they may have acquitted themselves in *Greek and Latin*, *Mathematics*, and a still inefficient



*Aristotelian philosophy*, enter upon life with scarcely a requisite for passing honourably and usefully through it; many of them not being able properly to *read*, scarcely at all to *analyze*, and hardly to *spell* their *mother tongue*! I have seen private letters of the most learned man of the seventeenth century, who, besides, Greek and Latin, of which he was a master, possessed such a knowledge of the *seven Asiatic languages* as perhaps no man then in Europe did, and wrote upon and explained them with profound accuracy, and yet was so ignorant of his own native *English tongue*, that he could neither *construct* nor *spell* a single sentence with propriety! How many of the *rising generation* are returning daily from *very expensive seminaries* of learning, who are sadly deficient in a proper knowledge of language, who cannot *parse* a single sentence correctly, so as to show the *force* of the words, the *concord* and *government*, and the proper or improper *collocation* of the terms!

"Let every foreign tongue alone,  
Till you can *read* and *spell* your own,"

Is a sound piece of advice, comes from high authority, and should be treated with great respect.

I do not *speak against learning*,—nor even *think against it*, nor against *proper seminaries* for learning, whether they rank as *schools* or *colleges*: but I speak against useless and deficient education. I speak against the preposterous plan of teaching our *English* youth, any thing or every thing but their *mother tongue*.

Parents would do well to inquire most pointedly into the character

and qualifications of the boarding schools to which they send their *daughters*; and the academies and colleges to which they send their *sons*. Let them never sacrifice their *sterling coin* for the *tinsel* lackering and gilding of learning. Let them give all diligence that their children may be taught what will make them *useful to themselves*, *profitable to others*, and *respectable in society*. As to *boarding schools*, I may beg humbly to look into them at some future time.—I say nothing to the necessity of attending to the advice of the *wise man*, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This, I believe, was never better understood than in the present age, and at no time more practically applied, and hence there is at this time a greater proportion of moral and pious youths than was ever before in this country, or is now in any other country in the world. To God be praise for ever! this is a proper initiatory education, but it is not that concerning which I now write,—I plead for the necessity of a good *English* education, and for making Latin and Greek subservient to it when they are studied. Let our British youth be taught the language of life,—the language of those with whom they are to transact the business of life,—the language that is rich and powerful beyond all languages of the universe: in a word, let them be thoroughly taught the language of Britain.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

ADAM CLARKE.

Eastcott, Jan. 1, 1825.

#### MAGAZINE AND GUARDIAN.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. ELIJAH BOARDMAN.

THE number of Magazines sent is ten, and the Guardian four. for in this and the former letter These, with one Magazine sub-

scriber whom I found on the circuit, amount to fifteen in the whole. Although this is a small number, yet allowing these were all members of our society, they would amount to more than one subscriber to every six members on this circuit; reckoning the Guardian in the same proportion as the Magazine: there being but seventy-nine members on this circuit. Were the same number of subscribers obtained in the whole connexion, as fifteen to seventy-nine, the whole number for Magazines and Guardians would amount to more than sixty-two thousand. I see no reason why an equal, or

even a greater number might not be obtained in the whole connexion. I have proposed the thing, both in the class-meetings and in the public congregations, and in this way have obtained subscribers both in and out of the church. I have also disposed of a few of the Methodist Harmonist, and they have been introduced into some of the singing-schools, and are highly approved of. If you think these few remarks will subserve the cause in any measure, you are at liberty to give them publicity, for it is possible that some others seeing them may go *and do likewise*.

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#### REVIEW.

*The Excellence and Influence of the Female Character, a Sermon preached in the Presbyterian church in Murray-street, at the request of the New-York Female Missionary Society, by GARDINER SPRING, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian church in said city. 1825. pp. 32.*

AMONG the numerous blessings resulting from Christianity, not the least is that of rescuing the female sex from the degradation and captivity to which they had been reduced by a savage barbarism, or an excessive refinement. While the savage strips her who was originally destined to be the partner of his joys and sorrows, of her true glory and dignity, by subjecting her to a state of servitude irksome and degrading, the more haughty despot of the east, by a curious inversion of the laws of refinement and propriety, has thought fit to doom his second self to a perpetual seclusion from the benefits of social life. Thus have these two extremes, of a savage barbarism and an excessive refinement, met in one common centre, and agreed together to proscribe woman as an improper associate of man, and to say that she is fitted only to be his drudge, to supply his occasional wants, and to administer to his indolence and luxury.

From a captivity so irksome, so humiliating to an active and intelligent being, Christianity has the high and distinguished honour of delivering one half of the human race. These thoughts have been suggested by reading the sermon before us, which, though we may dissent from some of its sentiments, is, on the whole, worthy of a serious and attentive perusal.

The text chosen as a foundation of the discourse, is "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Prov. xxxi, 20. After a short but appropriate introduction, the preacher commences on the first division of his subject in the following manner:—

"In adverting to the EXCELLENCE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER, it will occur to every mind, that the obvious designation of woman to a different sphere of action and influence from that which is occupied by the stronger sex, suggests the contemplation of excellencies, which, though not peculiar to herself, are delightfully appropriate to her character and condition. There is a feeling of heart, a consciousness of



dependance, a natural and amiable timidity, a tenderness and kindness, which unfit a woman for the rude and tumultuous occupations, and which, while they assign to her a more retired sphere, as clearly disclose those qualifications which constitute her true dignity and glory."

This, certainly, is a very just and delicate view of the "more retired sphere" in which woman seems destined by Providence to move. Having thus stated, in general terms, the station destined for woman to occupy, and that peculiarity of character by which she is distinguished, DR. SPRING commences with those particular qualifications which concentrate in the character of an excellent and virtuous woman. We are glad to find in the front of these *industry and economy*, as, in our opinion, other virtues can be but feebly exerted where these are wanting; and that that female, however excellent she may otherwise be, will shed but a glimmering light around her in the circle in which she moves, who is destitute of these cardinal qualifications. If indolence be the nursery of vice in the other sex, how can that woman escape its infection who idles away her time, or spends it in useless visits, in needless dress, and vain amusements? The following remarks, therefore, will be read with interest by every pious female:—

"Did not these," (*industry and economy*), "lie at the basis of a woman's usefulness, this would be too trite and common-place a remark. The wise man, in the chapter which contains our text, gives high importance to these useful qualifications. 'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' If there is a qualification in which a female ought to excel, it is a thorough and practical acquaintance

with the arts and duties of domestic life. She may be ignorant of other branches of human knowledge, and deficient in more refined attainments, with comparative impunity, but no embellishments can supply her deficiency in these. These constitute her peculiar and appropriate employment, and so far from being beneath her regard, do they adorn and beautify the most distinguished of her sex.

"The sentiment may not exactly accord with the notions of the present age, but it is one that ought to be inscribed on the heart of every female, that industry and economy are her true glory. There is no apology for a slothful woman. A slothful woman is more fit for a domestic drudge, or the slave of an eastern despot, than for the elevated station which freedom, civilization, and Christianity, have assigned her. A woman who is occupied in little else than receiving the courtesies of the other sex, and having every want supplied by obsequious attendants, if she does not become torpid by inaction, is almost always the victim of that morbid sensibility, which, while it can weep over the ideal scenes of a novel or a tragedy, has no interest in the affecting realities of human life, and passes through the world without communicating happiness, or acquiring respectability. Few appreciate the obligations, cares, and labours, of an industrious female; and few, I fear, are sensible of the perpetual self-denial which she is called to exercise in the performance of her laborious and reiterated duties. Her eye must be every where in her own proper sphere; her authority every where in her own retired dominion; her hand on every spring in all the departments of domestic labour. And a cheerful submission to this incessant watchfulness and care, constitutes one of the prominent excellencies of her character. A female that has been induced to believe she was made for nothing but to be beloved and admired, and who is never pleased but by the alternations of idleness and dissipation, has never learned to estimate her true worth and excellence, and is a stranger to the high destination of woman."

That "a well-cultivated mind" is highly desirable in every female, is what we are not disposed to dispute; but we much question whe-

ther it was the design of Providence that the softer sex should devote their attention to the *same sort* of studies as seem essential, at least a portion, for the more hardy part of our species. Wisdom seems to dictate that every person should apply his mind to that particular study which will fit him to discharge, to the best advantage, the duties of his peculiar station and profession. While there are some duties common to all, male and female, there are others of a peculiar character, and are appropriate only to a certain class of individuals, and which can be ascertained only from the profession and relation of each individual person. And who will say that a woman, in order to acquire and sustain the character of *female excellence*, must be "plodding her steady course through every department of classical knowledge?" May she not possess her own peculiar and appropriate excellence, though not skilled in the languages, in the science of astronomy, of geology, of political philosophy, of the tactics of the soldier? She has her destined sphere of movement, beyond which she may not go without treading on forbidden ground. Who will say that a woman ought to be skilled in those sciences which would fit her for a seat in our legislative halls, our courts of civil jurisprudence, to fill our gubernatorial chairs, to occupy our military pavilions, or to wield the sword of military chieftains? that our hardy sons of the forest are to resign the axe and the harrow to their less hardy partners? And if these be not their destined spheres of action, why is it "essential" for them before they can be classed on the list of "excellent females," to master these sciences? We should rather think

that a female would exhibit her own peculiar excellence of character to better advantage, by limiting her studies to those things which come within her line of movements, and which more properly belong to her peculiar department.

Though we have been thus carried along in our remarks, we do not assert that the author of the sermon before us intended to carry out his principles to this length when he said, "I know of nothing which a woman may not study and acquire to advantage;" but we think a more guarded explication of this branch of female excellence would have been less liable to exceptions, and would have presented much less discouraging inducements to an audience of females of various circumstances in life, to engage in the pursuit of female excellence. With the author of the sermon we say, that "no reason exists why the temple of science should be interdicted to an enterprising female, and why its ascent should be deemed so rough and difficult that her modest foot may not attempt it;" but we see many reasons why thousands of virtuous females should not be excluded from the sanctuary of excellence, merely because they have not been "introduced to the masters of science of every age;" seeing that their avocations in life, as directresses of the domestic circle of industry and economy, preclude the possibility of their attaining to this eminence of literature. Besides, it would be incompatible with the wise arrangements of Providence, and therefore subversive of the best interests of human society, for the whole mass of either sex to devote themselves to learned and scientific pursuits. While the few are called to these pursuits, the great



mass of mankind must necessarily, unless the earth were to teem spontaneously with the comforts and necessities of life, devote themselves to the arts of civilized life, and to agricultural employments. But yet, each may pursue his peculiar and appropriate excellence, shining in his own orbit with various lustre.

These remarks would not have been elicited in connexion with a sermon which possesses so many real excellencies, and which may therefore well bear up under the pressure of a little criticism, had not the author introduced his observations on this subject under the proposition which affirms that these literary acquisitions are an "essential ingredient in female excellence." That a female may acquire as much knowledge of the various branches of learning and science as is compatible with her appropriate duties we freely grant; but, as knowledge is chiefly useful as it is applied to practical purposes, we think that the first and principal attention of a female, should be directed to those studies which will qualify her to shine the brightest, by reducing her knowledge to practice, in the faithful performance of those duties connected with her subordinate station.

The following remarks, however, need no eulogy of ours to recommend them to the consideration of every virtuous and enlightened female:—

"But while we advert to her intellectual cultivation, let us not lightly

pass over the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance with *moral science*. Here, every female should be at home. Last of all, should the science of God, and salvation, and immortality, be hidden from her eyes;—last of all, should she be a stranger to the principles and obligations which ought to govern her thoughts, her affections, and her conduct, every hour and moment of her existence. How humiliating, if it were only in an intellectual view, that she should be ignorant of the topics and wonderful themes of contemplation, and powerful persuasives of enterprise, and unrivalled exhibitions of classical beauty and elegance, and matchless examples of purity of thought, with which the great text-book of moral science, the BIBLE, is so richly fraught! There, is revealed what nothing else has disclosed, and what none but God knew. From one page of this wonderful volume, a female may gain more knowledge of the great end of her being, and of what is useful and necessary to be known, than philosophy could acquire by the patience and toil of centuries. There, too, is developed the great system of truth, which philosophers and sages have sought in vain,—every where inculcating the most excellent maxims of wisdom,—every where embodying counsels more paternal, admonitions more alarming, consolations more precious, expostulations more touching, than all the schemes of human instruction; and every where recounting events and transactions, that cannot be communicated without the deepest interest and delight. The wonders of the Bible have interested and amazed the strongest intellects in creation. And if a female would be interested in subjects that can expand, and captivate, and transform her mind,—that can crucify her affections to the pursuits and enjoyments of the world; then must her heart be endeared to the excellencies of the Bible."

[To be continued.]

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

### GRAND RIVER (U. C.) MISSION.

*Letter from the Rev. ALVIN TORRY, to the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dated Grand River, U. C., Jan. 26, 1825.*

Reverend and dear sir,—Since our communication of July last, the good work of our God has continued to prosper on this reservation, among both whites and Indians. The house erected last spring for the school and

meetings is a convenient and comfortable room for the purpose, and is generally filled on the sabbath with attentive hearers. The sabbath and day school is attended by from twenty-five to thirty children, who are making good improvement in reading, and some have commenced writing. If we had the means for boarding the children the school might easily be increased to fifty or sixty native scholars. Numbers at a distance would send their children to this school, but they are not able to board them from home. O that some wealthy benevolent friends would bequeath us the means to gather up these outcasts, that we might teach them the way to the fold of Christ. Our school is increased lately by the arrival of two principal chiefs of two different nations. They have pitched their tents at the mission-house with a view to have their families learn to "read the Great Book." And what is remarkable, both of these chiefs with several of their families have been converted. Their manners and spirit have undergone so great a change, that we have reason to hope they have become sincere disciples of the Saviour. The pious wife of Capt. John, one of the Chippewa chiefs, is among the learners at the school; being very desirous to learn how to read the good Book.

Embracing the late conversions, our society at the mission-house now consists of forty-four members, seven of whom are whites.

There is one thing we should keep continually in view, in order to extensive usefulness to the Indian tribes, i. e., the raising up of native teachers, whose piety and zeal shall be commendable, to preach the *kingdom of God* to their brethren in their native tongue; as the means, under God, we look to the schools and the revivals. From this source we have already experienced considerable advantages. The conversion of *Peter*, a youth of about twenty-one, has already been mentioned. He speaks the Chippewa, (Missisauqua dialect,) and has already been useful in bringing in from the woods several of his relatives, both to the school and the society. To this pious youth we look for assistance in the work, as he is a promising exhorter in English, and speaks the Chippewa with readiness.

Notwithstanding the encouraging circumstances we have mentioned, we have sometimes painful difficulties to

encounter; but which, for the present, we forbear to name. This, however, we will venture to say, that when we commenced this mission we attacked one of the strongest holds of Satan in this country; and it is not without a struggle that he relinquishes his dominion;—such a scene of drunkenness and debauchery in some parts of this reservation, as was equalled, I presume, by few other places. But by the power of truth great changes have taken place, and some of the most profligate have been recovered from the snare of the devil. One instance I might mention: the house of a white man for many years was the resort for the drunken and abandoned of whites and Indians. This man has been converted from the error of his ways, is now a pious leader of a happy class of his converted neighbours, having cleared out the drunkards around him, and devoted his house to the service of God in prayer and praise. He is now an industrious farmer and a happy Christian; labouring to pay up his debts and redeem his embarrassed property, as well as ardently engaged to lay up a treasure in the kingdom of heaven.

In most instances on a profession of religion the Indians also have renounced intoxication, though frequently solicited by *white pagans*, who have felt it their interest to draw them aside into their former vices. Some time since an effort of this kind was said to be made at a certain store: the Indians drank, but declined a second glass; they were urged and pressed,—they were "welcome to drink freely what they pleased; A little more surely will do you no harm." Having learned something of the devices of Satan, they perceived the design, and with native sagacity and thought, inquired "Have you Bible?" "Yes, we have Bibles," and handed them down. The Indian opened one and exclaimed, "Oh! much gospel, very good.—Much whiskey, no good!" On this hint that they had embraced the gospel, and this was better than rum, they desisted from any farther attempts to make the Indians drunk.

It is a delightful duty to speak to a congregation of lively Christian Indians; such is the solemnity and the simplicity of their devotions. O! it would animate our missionary friends to witness what I have seen: the congregation of various ages,—of various shades, from the red native down to



the 'lilywhite maiden,' mingling their tears and joys of devotion, with shouts of gratitude to God for redeeming love and mercy; and prayers for blessings on their teachers and benefactors.

From late appearances we have hope of doing good about ten miles from the mission-house. By invitation I preached to a listening congregation of Mohawks and Oneidas. Some tears attested they understood and felt the force of truth. If these Indians receive the gospel, we will send you the happy intelligence, that you may rejoice in our joy, and be encouraged to pray for the salvation of the heathen.

"O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued;  
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood!  
Display thy salvation, and teach the new song,  
To every nation, and people, and tongue."

We expect an increase of funds from the branch societies in this country, and hope we may not be forgotten by the parent institution, for the field is large and white for the harvest, but our means but small to carry on the work. Brother Crawford is yet with us, and usefully employed in the school.

Affectionately yours

In the gospel of Christ,

ALVIN TOJARY.

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REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS, PUTNAM COUNTY, N. Y.

*Extract of a letter from the Rev. JOHN B. MATHIAS, dated March 3, 1825, to the Rev. LABAN CLARK.*

I TAKE this opportunity of sending you a short account of the work of God in this part of our country, which has hitherto been so much neglected. When I received your letter requesting me to repair to this place, I immediately went to the mountains in search of those lost sheep, and commenced preaching the gospel to these poor and destitute people. They received me gladly, and heard the word from my lips with much attention and eagerness. Such a revival of religion, so sudden, deep, and universal, my eyes never beheld. In every meeting some are either awakened or converted.

This is missionary ground indeed; for I hold meetings where the gospel has never before been preached. There is a general attention to religious truths throughout all the little settlements among these mountains. I have already obtained ten stated appointments for preaching, which are as many as I can well attend to at present; and have taken seventy into society since I have been among these simple-hearted and

long neglected people, besides a class of about thirty members on the east bank of the Northriver, formerly attended by the preachers of the Philadelphia conference. The congregations are large and attentive, and there is a prospect of establishing a class at every appointment. Solemnity seems to rest on every countenance, and they bow their necks most willingly to the yoke of Christ, and to the discipline of the church.

You would be surprised with what facility they have conformed to our modes of worship, rising up when we sing, and kneeling in prayers. The Lord is among us of a truth. I hope you will so arrange matters as to attend a quarterly-meeting in these mountains before our annual conference.

I would prefer being a missionary among these loving people, although it is the roughest part of our country, to having the best station in the New-York conference, because I think God has called me to labour here.

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MR. WOLF AMONG THE KURDS.

THE Kurds are a wild race of robbers, inhabiting the country called from them Kurdistan, which lies on the confines of Turkey and Persia. They are divided into tribes under separate chiefs, some of whom are nominally subject to the grand seignior, and some are subject to the sovereign of Persia, while others are wholly independent. They are about 100,000 in number, and live a wandering life, deriving their substance principally from their flocks and herds. In his journey from Jerusalem to Bagdad in February of last year, Mr. Wolf, the missionary, was under the necessity of passing through the country of these barbarians, accompanied only by a single Frenchman. The following account of his adventures, which we copy from his journal in the Jewish Ex-

positor for January, will show the manner in which he was received. The Yezidi, who are also mentioned in the journal, are a race of *Devil-worshippers*, who live intermixed with the Kurds. Merdeen is a populous city, subject to the grand seignior.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"WE continued our journey to Kuselli, which is only nine hours distant from Merdeen. Kuselli is inhabited by some hundred Kurds, twenty Yezidi, and one Christian family of the Syrian denomination.

"We went to the agha (chief) of the Kurds, Sayid Khanbeck by name, a celebrated robber in this country. I showed him the firman of the sultan; he smiled and said, "Firman al sultan bosh bein al a Krat;" i. e. "The firman of the sultan is good for nothing among the Kurds!" He observed at the same time, that we could not proceed on our way to Merdeen, for Mustapha was at Tazyan, a village near Merdeen, and was besieging the city. Sayid Khanbeck therefore told us we must remain in his house, until he sent his brother to Mustapha Agha desiring permission for us to enter the city of Merdeen unmolested. As we could not do otherwise we submitted to what was required, and our little baggage and our lives were thus placed in the hands of a cruel and perfidious robber. We slept in the house of the robber guarded by his men.

February 19.—Sayid Khanbeck this morning wrote his letter to his friend the robber, Mustapha Agha, and told him, contrary to the truth, that two merchants of Moussul, (namely myself and the Frenchman,) had arrived in his village, and he begged him to permit us to enter Merdeen for his sake. The letter was written in Arabic. Sayid Khanbeck read the letter to me before he sent it. I told him he ought to write the truth, for that we were no merchants of Moussul: he replied that I must leave this to his conscience and to his discretion; and at the same time he desired us to give him 350 piastres that he might procure us our liberty. We could not refuse to comply, for if we had attempted to return to Orfa, Sayid Khanbeck would have sent men after us to take from us all we had. We therefore gave him 350 piastres, and his brother set off immediately on horseback to Mustapha Agha at Tazyan to request permission for us to continue our journey to Merdeen. What we suffered in the meanwhile among these barbarians I am not able to de-

scribe. They took the bed from under me, and tried to force my watch from me.

*Interview with a Syrian Christian.*—During the time we waited anxiously for the answer from Mustapha Agha, I called on a Syrian Christian family which is residing at Kuselli, poor, wretched, oppressed, and miserable. I there met Shamaun, (Simeon,) a deacon of the Syrian church, residing at Abrahamia. He is a man of seventy years of age, with his beard white and his eye dim. I said to him, your name is Simeon, and you must become as Simeon of old, that you in the close of your days may be able to say like Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Deacon Simeon wept, and with his white curling hair floating on his forehead, he replied, "This is my only hope, that I shall enter the joy of paradise." He then asked of me a pair of English spectacles, and I gave to him those transcendent spectacles by which his eyes, though dim, may see into a far distant country, and he may discern the joys of paradise. I gave him three copies of the Arabic gospels, one for his son, one for himself, and one for the church at Abrahamia. I asked him the name of those fathers of the church which are most esteemed by them, and he began to tell over their names on his beads.

I asked why so many Syrians had turned Catholics. Simeon wept and said, "Many wish to go the broad way, and not the strait way that leads to heaven: our fastdays are to many a Syrian too strict; for seven months in the year we are neither allowed to eat meat, nor fish, nor eggs, nor any thing but herbs; but the Catholics are allowed to eat meat, to use oil, and to eat fish, and with this many Syrians are pleased, and they turn Catholics."

It is indeed lamentable to consider, that on the one hand the Syrians expect to conquer and gain heaven by eating nothing but herbs and sourcrout, and on the other hand the Catholics are gaining proselytes by giving to the Syrians Italian maccaroni and roast beef.



I said to Simeon, read this gospel diligently with your flock, and they will see that there is only one name given by which they can be saved, and this name is Jesus Christ.

Shamaun (Simeon) took my hand and kissed it, and he wept. I asked him what he thought of the conversion of the Jews?

Simeon. They will be converted, but antichrist must first be revealed.

I replied, antichrist is come. Simeon fell on my neck and said, "You have read the gospel."

In conversing with deacon Simeon and another Syrian, I had almost forgotten my own situation, when deacon Simeon observed that in case Mustapha should desire us to call on him in our way we should firmly insist upon not going to him, for that Mustapha would then keep us prisoners, and send a messenger to Merdeen announcing that two Europeans had fallen into his hands who had firmans and passports; and then the governor would be obliged, out of regard to the firman, to pay a sum of money for our ransom, and we ourselves should be obliged to give all we had to the rebel.

*Conversation with a Devil-worshipper.*—February 20. The brother of Sayid Khanbeck had not returned with the answer of Mustapha; I therefore called again on the Christian family. The Christian was sitting at the door. I sat down near him. He sat at my right hand, and there sat a Yezidi, (a literal worshipper of the Devil,) at my left hand.

I looked in the face of the Yezidi, and observed that his countenance and his dress differed from those of the Kurds; I asked the Christian whether that man sitting at my left hand was a Kurd. The Yezidi, who understood my question, said "I am not a Kurd, I am a Yezidi of the order of the Danadia."

I. What is your belief?

Yezidi. We never pray.

And lifting up his hands toward heaven, and bowing down with his knees, he said "We never do so."

Shudder my friends, the Yezidi never lifts up his hands toward heaven and much less his heart; he never bows down.

I. Do you sometimes think of God?

Yezidi. Never.

I had heard from Christians that they worship the Devil, and seeing that this Yezidi professed frankly his awful be-

lief, I asked him, "Do you worship the Devil?"

Yezidi. We worship nothing: but we never mention him whom you have just mentioned, and we love him whom you have named.

I. Do you believe that the Devil is good?

Yezidi. No.

I. Why do you love him?

Yezidi. Thus it is.

I. Do you believe in the existence of a God?

Yezidi. We believe.

I. Why do you not pray to him?

Yezidi. Thus it is.

I. If I would give you some present would you thank me for it?

Yezidi. I would give you many thanks for an abkhshish, (present.)

I. God gives you life, breath, clothes, and raiment, and his sun shineth over you, why do you not thank him?

Yezidi. Thus it is.

I. Do any of you know how to read?

Yezidi. None of us.

I. Have you priests?

Yezidi. No.

Khalil Agha, a robber and murderer, residing at Orkhazarad, five hours distant from Merdeen, is the head of the Yezidi of the order of Danadia. They live in tents, and are very numerous. I left the company of that horrid professor of the Devil, and tried to pray for him, but it was not possible. Thus it is. The Yezidi never prays, he never lifts up his hands toward heaven, he never bows down. Thus it is.

*Extortion and treachery.*—In the evening the brother of Sayid Khanbeck returned. Sayid Khanbeck was just performing his prayer. At the gate of his house he spread his garment on the ground, and bowed down in the name of the most merciful, the compassionate God.

Sayid Khanbeck, not a Yezidi, lifted up his eyes toward heaven, he bowed down with those who bow down.

After the prayer was over he saluted his brother with the usual salam (Peace!)

Khanbeck. (who had just finished his prayers.) How is our brother Mustapha?

Brother of Khanbeck. Praise be to God, he is very well; he has cut off the heads of two soldiers of the governor of Merdeen.

Khanbeck. Praise be to God!

We then desired to know the answer

of Mustapha respecting us. The brother of Khanbeck delivered a letter. After Khanbeck had read the letter he told us that he had received permission to accompany us to Merdeen; we, however suspected the truth and I desired Khanbeck to show me the letter of Mustapha, which he did. The contents of the letter were as follows:

"Peace to my brother Sayid Khanbeck. After having wished to thee an abundance of peace, we announce to thee that we have received thy letter respecting the two merchants of Mous-sul, and for thy sake they may proceed on their way to Merdeen, on the condition only, that they must first come to us, where we will receive them with great generosity; we desire only for them to bring us some writing paper and some pipes as a present.

Signed, MUSTAPHA.

We then immediately perceived the treachery, and insisted on returning toward Orfa, to bring our complaints before Ayub (Job) Agha, whom I mentioned above. As soon as Sayid Khanbeck saw that I was resolved to return, he lifted up his finger and said "God, God is my witness, I will bring you safely to Merdeen without seeing Mustapha, for you have eaten bread and salt in my house. I will set off with you from hence with thirty footmen, and bring you safely to the gates of Merdeen, for Mustapha is two hours distant from Merdeen." We asked him how much we were to give him. He demanded 300 piastres: we agreed with him for 200:—the robber seemed to be contented.

*February 21.*—In the evening at 5 o'clock we left Kuselli for Merdeen,

accompanied by Sayid Khanbeck and twenty-five Kurds, all armed. On the road they stole from us all they could, and one of them placed his gun on my neck, threatening to kill me immediately if I did not suffer him to mount my mule. The Frenchman, myself, and our servants, were all obliged to sit upon our mules with a Kurd behind us. They struck the Frenchman with their swords, and Sayid Khanbeck smiled. When we were opposite the village where Mustapha resides, Sayid Khanbeck threatened to deliver us immediately into the hands of Mustapha, if we did not give him 150 piastres once more. We gave him the 150 piastres. The Frenchman's money was already gone. I gave him 100 piastres, and the Frenchman gave him a knife worth 50 piastres; and he returned me 50 piastres on our arrival at Merdeen. After Sayid Khanbeck had received the 150 piastres, he left us and went straightway with his men to Mustapha, who followed our steps, but we went in a constant gallop, and arrived safely at the gates of Merdeen. Mustapha did not dare to approach the gate, which was guarded by soldiers. It was one o'clock in the morning when we arrived near the gate: the soldiers who guarded the city cried, "Mustapha is approaching!" My servant, who is a native of Merdeen, ran to the gate and convinced them that we were harmless travellers; and thus, blessed be the name of the Lord, we arrived at the gate of Merdeen. But, as the gates were shut, we slept in the open air; for we were so much overpowered with fatigue that we forgot all danger and slept quietly till day arrived. No Arab will ever break his word, but the Kurds do it.

#### SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ALBANY FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

**TIME**, the great destroyer, on whose wings our days are swiftly passing, has again brought us, both managers and patrons, to witness the anniversary of the Methodist Female Missionary Society of the city of Albany, auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is with some pleasure that we review our success the past year, and are thankful to Providence who has bestowed both power and disposition upon our friends to encourage this infant society.

Though our subscribers have not increased to the degree which we wished, and almost confidently believed they would ere this, yet our donations have been many and some of considerable amount; therefore our hearts have been encouraged to continue, hoping that the smiles of Heaven would attend our endeavours.

Last year, immediately after our anniversary, the society transmitted to the parent institution \$52 50.

At present the number of our annual subscribers is forty-nine. The sub-



scriptions which have been paid amount to \$35 62½. The donations received to \$21 01½, which have been of various amounts from ten cents to \$5 00, and we would now publicly assure our friends that they have all been thankfully received, and we shall be happy to accept of the least offering for the society, recollecting if given from motives of philanthropy it will be acceptable.

The treasurer received on April 3d, \$17 50 from a collection taken up in the Methodist church for the benefit of this society; at which time the Rev. T. Spicer preached a sermon in our behalf, for which we consider ourselves under many obligations, and shall ever cherish a lively recollection of his unremitted assistance and support since its commencement.

The whole amount which the treasurer has received this year, is \$74 02½, and as the society has had only a very trifling expense, we shall therefore, as soon as possible, transmit the funds to the parent institution at New-York, agreeably to our constitution.

A retrospection of the year that is

past is accompanied with mingled emotions of pleasure and sorrow. Although death has taken two of our number, yet as a society we enjoy health and all our domestic comforts, for which we feel grateful, and would wish to redouble our zeal in doing good. Let us therefore engage more ardently in the cause which we are this evening met to promote, and never permit any thing to dishearten us, or to tempt us to believe that it is not an institution of our heavenly Father.

For a moment let us reflect upon the unnumbered comforts which come to us through the medium of the gospel, both *civil* and *religious*, and then say, do we not wish the heathen and our destitute brethren to share them with us? Do they not need them as much as ourselves? Yes, and with joy we ought to contribute our mite. We hope that all of us will commence the year with renewed ardour and pious ambition, and never cease our exertions until all shall "know the joyful sound."

In behalf of the board of Managers,  
MARY ANN FARNAM, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Albany, April 6, 1825.

## OBITUARY.

### DEATH OF MR. PHILIP I. ARCULARIUS.

DIED on the 9th of March, 1825, in the city of New-York, PHILIP I. ARCULARIUS, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Arcularius emigrated from Germany to this country in the days of his youth. By his attention to his calling, his honesty and integrity, he established a reputation among his acquaintance which gained their confidence and esteem, and though he became the father of a number of children, he not only gave them a Christian education, but acquired for them a very considerable patrimony, which he bequeathed to them at his death. He lived, however, to see them established in life, and some of them he has left walking in the ways of piety.

Of the first religious impressions of Mr. Arcularius the writer of this sketch is not acquainted. Previous, however, to his becoming a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was in the year 1787, he was a member of the German Lutheran Church in this city, at that time under the pastoral

charge of Dr. Kounzie. From the time he became a member of our church to the period of his death, he maintained a uniform character of piety, was irreproachable in his morals, and exemplary in his Christian deportment. He became a trustee in the church and the leader of a class, which offices he filled with credit to himself and to the general satisfaction of his brethren. He was among the founders of the Methodist charity school in this city, an institution which has done, and continues to do, much for the poor and orphan children of our church, and reflects credit upon its founders and patrons.

Such was the confidence of his fellow citizens in his wisdom and integrity, that Mr. Arcularius received their suffrage several times as their representative in the state legislature, where he became active in promoting the interests of his constituents. He indeed loved his adopted country, admired the simplicity, equity and good-

ness of her republican institutions, and strove, like a true patriot who *fears God and honours the powers that be*, to make them honoured and respected by others. For some years previous to his death he was appointed by the authority of the state, as an inspector of the state prison, whose duty it became, in that capacity, to see that the prison laws were enforced, and to suggest to the legislature any improvements which might be considered necessary for the better answering the ends of public justice.

But it is chiefly as a Christian that we desire to view our departed brother. And here much might be said in favour of his strict regard to the great principles of justice, truth, goodness, and benevolence, by which his conduct was distinguished. But as it is the design of this very limited sketch only to erect a plain monument to his memory, we shall forbear any eulogy on his character. It is sufficient to say that he was a *good man*, that he became so by the *grace of God in Christ Jesus*; and that notwithstanding the perversity of his nature, which he inherited in common with his fellow sinners, and those infirmities which are inseparable from human beings, *through the mighty working of the Holy Spirit*, he was enabled to hold on his way, to vanquish his enemies, and to pass with an unsullied reputation from a world of sorrow to that world where the inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick."

About four years previously to his own death, Mr. Arcularius committed to the earth the companion of his youth,

the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children, the tender partner of his joys and sorrows. Respecting her death, he did not *sorrow as those who have no hope*. Having for a number of years lived the life of the righteous she doubtless rested in peace, through the infinite merits of her Saviour, in which alone she trusted for life and salvation. His body now reposes in the same vault with hers, in sure and certain hope of a future resurrection to eternal life.

About a year after this mournful event he was married to the widow of the late Rev. Francis Ward, whose piety and other accomplishments recommended her to his notice, and who proved a solace to him in his declining days. For about a year before his dissolution he gradually sunk under the infirmities of age, often exhibiting symptoms of decay, and sometimes apparently struggling hard to recover from those paroxysms which seemed to threaten immediate death. During the prevalence of an epidemic, with which so many of our citizens were afflicted, and with which many, especially the aged, have been laid low in the grave, called by some the influenza, our departed brother fell under the weight of his infirmities, and bid adieu to all earthly enjoyments. Though during his last moments he was able to say but little, yet he gave satisfactory evidence of having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and we doubt not but that he rests with those who have had *their garments washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb*.

New-York, March 28, 1825.

#### DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON.

The following account of Mrs. Hannah Johnson's death was communicated to me in a letter from her husband, Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Monroe, Fairfield county, Connecticut, with a request that I should prepare a notice for publication, as I was intimately acquainted with the family. Having lived one year in their neighbourhood while travelling Stratford circuit, and two years on the circuit, I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with sister Johnson's religious experience and Christian character. I always found her ready to give an account of the work of grace in her heart, and she would do it with meekness and fear. Her piety was solid, her devotion fervent, and her religion uniform. She possessed and maintained a firm attachment to the church of which she was a member, and always manifested a tender concern for the interest of religion and the prosperity of Zion. Though I have seen her in an ecstasy of joy, yet her religion was founded in principle, and not merely in passion. Yours in sincerity,

LABAN CLARK.

MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON was born in Newtown, Connecticut, January 17, 1776, of religious parents, and was trained up in the fear of God; but she was a stranger to experimental religion till the year 1808, when she and her husband were both awakened to a sense of their sinfulness and danger. They earnestly sought, and happily found the Lord, who gave them peace

in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost. In the same year they united themselves to the Methodist Episcopal church, in which they walked together until she was called to leave the church militant and join the church triumphant.

Some time in November she was taken with the typhus fever, and although the symptoms did not appear alarming



at first, she frequently mentioned to her daughter that she had very little expectation of recovery, nor did she much desire it. She bore her affliction with patient submission, without a single complaint, and almost without a groan. From first to last she possessed her reason, and about fifteen hours before her death she was informed that the doctor thought her dangerous, but she seemed not at all frightened, and said she was willing to go if it was the Lord's will; manifesting at the same time that her only anxiety was to be more satisfied with the divine presence. Her prayer was heard and her joy was full: for the last three or four hours of her life were employed in telling those who were about her bed, how good the Lord was to her. "O," said she, "I did not know that the Lord could be so good to me in a dying hour!" Her husband said to her, This is what we have been praying for these many years. She replied with an air of triumph, "Yes, and I am willing to go now if it is the will of God!"

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

After morning prayers her daughter went to her bed side, and she began to tell of the goodness of God, and to praise his name for the love she felt for

every body, especially for the church of which she was a member: that she wanted to see all the members to tell them how happy she felt. Several of her neighbours came in to see her, to whom she spake with a cheerful voice, declaring her love to them and to every one else, saying, "I am going to glory, and I shall soon be there with my blessed Jesus." To sister Susan Fairwether she said, "I am going to glory. —Jesus is precious to my soul.—This is a blessed morning.—I long to go and be with Jesus.—I could hardly believe the Lord would be so good to me, I have been so unfaithful." She then exhorted all who were present to be faithful, saying, "It will be but a few days before we shall meet in heaven." To her aged mother she said, "O mother, I am happy! Is it not a comfort to you to see me so?" When the struggles of death came on, she was asked where her pain was; she answered, that her pain was nothing, the Lord was so good to her that it lifted her above all pain. She continued to speak of the goodness of God while her strength lasted, and gave the fullest evidence of a clear prospect of a glorious immortality, until she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, on the 23d day of December, 1824.

## POETRY.

We published a few weeks since the sudden death of the Rev. Harvey Loomis, of Bangor, Maine. He had ascended the pulpit to preach from the text, "This year thou shalt die," when he was observed to falter, and in a few minutes was a corpse. The lines below, from the Penobscot Gazette, refer to that event. They unite the pure spirit of poetry with heavenly piety.

*New-York Observer.*

### THE DESERTED CONFERENCE ROOM.

Ye need not hang that candle by the desk,  
Ye may remove his chair, and take away his  
book;  
He will not come to night. He did not hear the  
bell  
Which told the hour of prayer. I cannot tell  
the reason,  
But he does not seem to love, as he did once,  
The conference room.

We've waited long of late, and thought we heard,  
at length,  
His well-known step. We were deceived;  
He did not come. 'Tis very sad to say,  
But he will never come again.

Do ye remember how he'd sometimes sit  
In this now vacant corner, quite hid by its ob-  
scurity,  
Only ye might perceive his matchless eye  
Striving to read the feelings of your souls,  
That he might know if ye would hear the voice  
of Jesus?

Ye do remember—Well—He's not there now  
Ye may be gay and thoughtless if ye will,  
His glance shall not reprove you.  
Or, if ye choose it, ye may slumber on your seats,  
And never fear the watchman's eye;  
It weeps not o'er you now.

There—listen to that hymn of praise;  
But how it falters on the lip;  
How like a funeral dirge it sounds:  
Ah! ye have lost your leader, and ye cannot sing.  
But hearken. When ye struck that note,  
Did ye not hear an angel voice take up the lofty  
strain,  
"For thou, O Lamb of God, art worthy?"

'Twas *his* voice; [temple;  
Not rising, as in former times, from this low  
(Sing softly, or ye will not hear it);  
Only the clearest, softest strain, waving its way  
From the celestial world, just strikes the list'ning  
ear,  
And now 'tis gone.

Ye've not forgotten what he used to say,  
Or if ye have, methinks he'd answer,  
"Remember, O my people, for the day approaches  
When ye must remember:  
Accept of mercy, while ye may. What shall it  
profit  
Though you gain the world and lose your souls?"  
And then he would conclude, perhaps,  
"A few years hence, and where are we?  
Our bodies mould'ring in the tomb;  
Our very names forgotten by the living;  
Our spirits, where are they?"

O how it chills the heart to think  
That voice is no more heard within these walls.  
It is no fiction, is it? no deluding dream?  
Ah! no. Our friend is gone. The damp of death  
is o'er him.  
The moon is shining on his grave. He will not  
wake  
Until he wakes to immortality.

'Tis sweet to pause and think  
In what a higher world than this his spirit shines.  
How very near he is to Jesus. For sure he must  
be near  
To him in heaven, who did so love his name on  
earth. [away,  
And now he's washed his mortal woes and sins

And now he drinks the consolations of a Saviour's  
love,  
And now he tunes his voice to angel themes,  
And now he joins a band, the rapture of whose  
song  
An angel's mind can scarce imagine.  
How does he swell the chorus, "Thou wast slain  
for us?"  
A song not new to him: he had been learning it  
In years gone by.

But *we* are not in heaven. We are here  
Where desolation reigns in every heart,  
And sorrow looks from every eye:  
Soon we must go away, and there is none to ask  
A blessing for us. When we're done praying  
We shall stand and wait. But none shall say  
"Now grace be with you."  
Yet, surely we must not repine  
At what he does who made us. He hath done well:  
So be it, Father, even so, since it hath seemed  
Most righteous in thy sight;  
And if we ask of God a blessing for ourselves,  
If we repent that we have sinned against him,  
He will not frown upon us. He'll hear our prayer.  
We'll go then, trusting in his name.  
He oft hath bless'd us in this room;  
He'll bless us yet again—we'll go. ZELIA.

For the Methodist Magazine.

### THE PASSION FLOWER.

I love thee, sweet flower—for I hear thee pro-  
claim  
That "flesh is as grass, or the flower of the  
field!"  
And admonish'd, I quit the pursuit of a name,  
And seek the pure pleasures religion can  
yield.  
Thou tellest a tale of deep grief to the ear,—  
Mid the cold dews of midnight my Saviour is  
found,  
And see, for my soul he sheds the sad tear,  
While stung with keen anguish his blood stains  
the ground.  
I love thee, sweet flower—for far, far away,  
Thou bearest my soul to Calvary's brow,  
And hark! the deep groan!—the light fades  
away!—  
Her Lord, the creation acknowledges now.  
Earth trembles—the veil of the temple is rent,  
The solemn alarm has startled the dead:  
For me, the chief sinner, his life-blood was  
spent,  
Ah yes, for me my Redeemer has bled.

How oft in thy bosom, when fancy was young,  
I have marked out the nails that pierc'd thro'  
his hands,  
And the blood-stained tree on which he was hung,  
When insulted and scorn'd by that murderous  
band;  
The halo of glory that circled his brow  
When splendours of heaven around him were  
thrown,  
On thy bosom I saw in miniature glow,  
Portrayed with a skill to mortals unknown.  
I love thee, sweet flower—for thou touchest the  
heart,—  
The tear of repentance starts forth from the  
eye,—  
Did he for poor rebels endure the deep smart?  
And has he for them ascended on high?  
Yes, shout! the Redeemer has entered his rest;  
And mansions of glory for us he'll prepare.  
Cease, cease the wild tumult that throbs in thy  
breast,  
For thou the same kingdom with Jesus shalt  
share.

For the Methodist Magazine.

### THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

There is a *tear* more bright than that  
Which decks the morning blossom,  
When evening dew-drops lightly wet  
The front of nature's bosom:  
That *tear* the trembling mourner sheds,  
When Sinai's thunders roll;  
When sin's delusions far have fled,  
And sorrow wounds the soul.  
There is a *smile* more calm and bright,  
Than that which gilds the clouds,  
When bright-ey'd morn dispels the night,  
And rolls away its shroud:

That *smile* it is that Heaven lends,  
To calm the mourner's fear,  
To bid his ev'ry sorrow end,  
And check the rising tear.

There is a *hope* that's brighter far,  
Than that which wand'ers know,  
When guided by the evening star,  
The hopes of home bright glow:  
That *hope* it is which beams most bright  
Through yon star vault of heav'n,  
That speaks the mourner's burden light,  
And speaks his sins forgiv'n.

YADANNEK.

Conceiving that the above lines, from the simplicity of their style, might be read with pleasure by some, we have inserted them. We think "Yadannek," might render himself an interesting correspondent, if he would become his own critic; and we would farther suggest, that his poetry would shine more, were there not so many "bright" words in it.